

HENRY ALEXANDER WALKER, JR.

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(1922 -)

Henry Walker, Jr., shares personal anecdotes of his childhood in Hawaii, his education on the mainland, his World War II experiences and his longtime career with Amfac, Inc., the firm with which his father was associated from 1933 to 1960.

Mr. Walker describes the strong Scottish traditions of his family, the influence of the Hawaiian culture, and the changes he has observed in the social, political and business life of Hawaii over the past few decades.

He recounts many stories of the family's friendships with prominent military and civilian celebrities, particularly during World War II, and tells of his association with both Admiral Chester Nimitz and Admiral William Halsey.

Mr. Walker looks ahead to the year 2000 as he discusses the future of Hawaii from the standpoints of tourism, transportation, housing and industry.

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INTERVIEW WITH HENRY ALEXANDER WALKER, JR.

At his Amfac Building office in Honolulu, Hawaii

November 6, 1986

W: Henry Walker, Jr.

S: Alice Sinesky, Interviewer

S: Let's start recording with the first conscious memory that you have of being Henry Alexander Walker, Jr.

W: I think that has to be framed in the context that my father was born here, the youngest of eleven children all born in Nuuanu Valley. He was born in the year 1885. His mother was born in Lahaina in 1847. So here he was the youngest of eleven kids, ten of whom survived, five boys and five girls. He was born, of course, a subject of the Hawaiian crown, not an American, but a Hawaiian. He became an American by annexation.

As they grew up their customs and interests were Scottish where their homeland had been and Hawaiian. The American part came along later, so they weren't steeped in American traditions. My father grew up, as his brothers did, wearing kilts on Sunday and eating Scottish food frequently and celebrating Scottish holidays. They were clinging to their own groups, which were not American at all. I mean the Fourth of July meant nothing to the people here because they came from a different culture. Of course, they had come along earlier, but what roots they had were not American roots, but were Scottish roots.

When I came along, that still was the case. The family tartan, the family plaid, was very important to us. I have kilts which my mother still asks me to wear on occasion. They're a little tight at the moment, (laughs) but this was a very strong feature of my childhood. Don't forget that your roots and your ancestors were Scottish. Keep in mind that Americans are fine because we're now Americans, but the big jump was back to Scotland and the more immediate jump was Hawaiian.

So I grew up as most kids my age did; born, went to school at a little place called Lanai School which had about forty-five students.

S: On Kewalo Street.

W: On Kewalo Street and run forever at a deficit. Each year at the end of the year the parents would gather with Miss Maxwell who ran it and divide up and apportion the deficit which was always there. That went from kindergarten to fifth grade. At sixth grade we all went unanimously to Punahou along with our competition from Hanahauoli.

At sixth grade Punahou was quite a different place. At that time I guess I was about ten years old--1931 or 1932. Much has been written and said and I don't think I can add much to the fact that this was a closed community in a sense. The only real way that communication could be received in those days was by wireless telegraph. Wires they were called.

The radio stations on the mainland were just coming into being and the ones in Hawaii had just come into being and there were only two; KGU and KGMB. The boat arrived on Saturday and there was very little communication. We were unto ourselves.

S: What about your social life? Your father came from a large family. Did you have a lot of cousins?

W: Very few cousins. Out of all of these I think there was a total of six progeny out of the total of ten children.

S: Oh, that's unusual.

W: Yes, it is. My father's oldest brother, John Walker, had a son named John C. Walker who lives on Maui and another son named Richard who lives in San Francisco. My father's third oldest sister was named Belle Klebahn. She was married to a German (I think a German national) and they had two children named Fred Klebahn who lives here and Jane Klebahn who lives in Belvedere, California. My sister Ann and me. We have a half-sister, whom we love very dearly, but she was not one of the Walker progeny. My mother had been married earlier.

So the social life was intense for my parents. We had servants and my father after World War I went to work for the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association, which was the proper thing for a man his age to do, and then went to work for American Factors, Limited, in 1927. When I came along, it was assumed that I would spend at least a month or six weeks of each vacation year after ten on a sugar plantation because sugar was king. I remember a book written called King Cane [The Story of Sugar, John Vandercook, 1939] and it was assumed that sugar (and to a much lesser extent pineapple) were forever. So it was never too early to start learning about what sugar plantations did.

Starting at about age eight or nine I went to a sugar plantation every year; twice to Waianae, which was on this Island so I could be close enough to my parents, once to Lihue and once to Pioneer on Maui. That was fun. I worked on these plantations (harder as I grew older) at different jobs. Things like waterboy to the ranch during round up time when I was at Waianae; assistant to the locomotive engineer, also at Waianae, the locomotives being about the size of a Volkswagon. But it was assumed that we would learn the business; that we would learn how sugar cane was grown, that we would understand the process, both cultural and agricultural.

As things were in those days for those children whose parents could afford it, we went East to boarding school. My father went in 1903 to Harvard and graduated in 1907, and in the process got tuberculosis, which later was cured but which was with him all his life. His lungs were scarred. And he believed (I'm not sure it's true) that it was from the harsh climate. He went, of course, as a thin-skinned Hawaiian boy of seventeen or eighteen to Boston and got sick, so it was determined that I should have my blood thickened under more watchful circumstances. And yet my friends all did this too. We all went to boarding schools in the East. I say "all." Those in my parents' economic strata did. The Stanley Kennedys and the Brown boys--Zadoc and George and Kenneth. All of us did. The schools were such as Choate, Middlesex, and, in my case, St. Paul's.

S: When I referred to socializing, I meant your early childhood. When you were at Lanai School who were your friends and what did you do?

W: Of course, there was no socializing at night. There were birthday parties and things of that sort. The children at the school I can remember. People like Evelyn Strode Van Orsdel whose father was Dr. Joseph Strode, one of the founders of the Straub clinic. Barbara Carden whose father later became president of the Bank of Hawaii was there. Eugene Girdler whose father worked at the Bank of Hawaii was there. John Milnor whose father was also one of the founders of Straub. There were about six of us in each grade.

S: I'd heard a lot of people speak of hiking, camping, water sports.

W: Well, we certainly did water sports. In those days it was easy to get around on the electric trolley car and I, like so many other kids of my age, belonged to the Outrigger Canoe Club and kept a surf board there and would go down after school. We swam, we body surfed, but in my case we did a lot of horseback riding--a lot. We almost always had a horse of our own which we kept at Kapiolani Park. And in the

summer time at whatever plantation I was working I had a horse. That's the way you got around. So sports mainly revolved around whatever you did after school. Of course, I left Punahou when I was really quite young so I hadn't had an opportunity to do much in the way of organized sports. But horseback was the principal thing that we did. My mother and I used to go riding every Sunday morning where Waialae Country Club now is with a man named Earl Thacker who had a ranch where Farmer's Road is now.

S: Did they still have the races at Kapiolani Park or just the polo?

W: They just had the polo that I recall. But the polo matches were marvelous with Captain George Patton right in front of the grandstand mouthing obscenities to curl all the ladies in white linen hats. (laughs) He used to do that on purpose. But they were exciting with each Island having its own team plus the Army team. They were very exciting polo matches. And superb horsemanship. My cousin Jack Walker had a four goal handicap and played for the Oahu team along with the Dillinghams. We used to go on Sundays and watch that.

My family acquired a piece of property in Laie not far from the Mormon temple. Six acres, which we still have, on the water. So early on I began to fish. I learned how to throw a throw net from a man name Hamana Kalili who is legendary. A huge man six feet five or six. A Christian, teetotaling gentleman. Spoke fluent Hawaiian. And who was so strong that he had a sixty-pound throw net that he would leave to dry on the beach because nobody could throw it let alone carry it. He taught me how to throw my sixteen-pound throw net.

He is the man who invented what is now called the shaka sign. He had lost three of his fingers to an eel and when he saw you, as a gesture of greeting he would hold his hand out and just sort of wave it gently to say hello. There was nothing violent about it. It was just like that (demonstrates with little finger and thumb extended) and it was that way because there were no middle fingers. Now there are only a few of us who know that. Sam Cooke's father Charlie was under the tutelage of Hamana Kalili. I wrote this recently to Bob Krauss and sent a copy to Frank Fasi because Frank Fasi's forever using the sign and it's used now as a sign of greeting this way (demonstrates without the index finger extended) and it wasn't this way at all. It was just a very gentle shaking and only done with your friends. He would just say hello that way, but these things have become so changed.

Anyway I went to Punahou in sixth grade and left in due course and went to an alien place--Concord, New Hampshire.

S: Had you been to the mainland at all?

W: No, no.

S: So many of the families had travelled to the mainland before the children went to school there.

W: Some had, but it was a prodigious effort and my summers were given to the sugar business. My father was a very disciplined man. Being the youngest of eleven children, he was sternly disciplined himself and there were certain givens. He would never have permitted me to consider another college than Harvard. I would go to Harvard or nowhere.

S: What about religious training?

W: Well, I went to St. Andrew's Cathedral, which was the royalist place to go. My father's parents had originally been Scotch Presbyterians, but the Scotch Presbyterian religion was not really much in evidence here. There were Unitarians or whatever Central Union was, but that was for missionaries. My father's family made a very clear distinction between the missionaries and the non-missionaries. It was part of the fabric of life. For instance, my father was one of the first children to go to Punahou who was not a missionary. Prior to his going, you could not go to Punahou unless you were. It had been founded as a missionary school.

So the church for nonmissionaries and Hawaiians was St. Andrew's. For the monarchists, the royalists, it was St. Andrew's. When I came along, it was decided that I needed to have some religious education and I went to Sunday school at St. Andrew's and was confirmed by Bishop [Samuel] Littell at St. Andrew's Cathedral. Although they never particularly went themselves, they made sure that I went. The driver took me down on Sunday and I was popped into St. Andrew's Cathedral.

My older sister was by that time already in Europe. She was sent to Europe to school. She went to finishing school in Switzerland. She went to Lausanne to a school called Les Fougères and from there to the Sorbonne and graduated from the Sorbonne as a teacher of French. She actually had a certificate entitling her to teach French in France. She majored in French and for a long time used to have difficulty writing letters home in English because she began to think in French.

But that was the way it was. When you became fourteen or fifteen, away you went. And when you left in September, you stayed away until the following June. There was none of this business of coming home in between because you couldn't get home.

S: Well, it took so long with the train and all.

W: By water to San Francisco, by train across the country. So you would leave with a heavy heart in September knowing that you wouldn't get home until the following June and there were holidays--Christmas and Easter--and what would you do indeed.

S: What about the climate? Did it bother you?

W: It did, but I was properly dressed for it. Malcolm MacNaughton had a wife named Winifred, Bam she was called, and she had an older brother, Lawrence Sperry, (her last name was Sperry) and he had gone to St. Paul's ahead of me. He told my mother the kinds of clothes that I would need so I went well-outfitted and warmly. Going to a school like St. Paul's--the headmaster, a distinguished minister--would poke his finger into my shirt every morning to make sure I had an undershirt on. He'd just stop me on the way out of chapel. He didn't do this to anybody else, but I was a little hothouse flower and he wanted to make sure I was warm enough.

I loved that school. I just loved it. We did such different things. I couldn't skate very well although by the time I left I could skate pretty well, but I became a hockey goalie. For my years at St. Paul's I stood in front of a hockey net every winter and had these people shoot pucks at me. (laughs)

But we did canoeing, we did rowing, and I played football there--not terribly well, but then I enjoyed it. Those were happy years for me. Then I went to my roommate's house for one Christmas and for another Christmas to the house of friends of my parents. Twice I did that.

By the time I got to college, all the Hawaiian kids in the East went to a place called Mont Tremblant in the Canadian Laurentians about a hundred miles from Montreal. There was a train that took you there and it was a wonderful ski resort. We must have had fifty Hawaiians and I can still name so many of them. This was the gathering place, the Honolulu of the East. We all just went there and spent Christmas together because we couldn't get home. Our parents would send us each \$150 and that was enough for the ten-day period. That was kind of fun. (laughs) Then the war came along and everything changed.

Growing up here we did the water sports thing. Fishing was very important to us. That was an individual sport and done on weekends. I used to fish a lot. Different kinds of fishing; spearfishing, bass casting with a little bass casting rod and a wooden plug off the edges of rocks for small papio. I had a little boat up at our place in Laie ten

feet long with a two and a half horsepower motor and I used to troll with that and catch innumerable fish. So fishing and water sports were something that we did a lot of, horsebacking we did a lot of, tennis we did a lot of. I never played golf as it happens, but we did play a lot of tennis. My parents had a tennis court, ultimately, and we did play tennis and took lessons.

Lessons were one of the things we did. Almost every day produced a lesson in something. There was a tennis lesson. We all had tennis lessons by this same man, virtually, named Phil Bagby. He was a travelling tennis pro and he'd come around to the various tennis courts and teach.

Iolani Luahine. I don't know if she taught other people, but she taught my younger sister.

S: I understand that she did some teaching but that she was selective.

W: She didn't teach very many. She was a lovely young thing. She was about seventeen or eighteen. She was fun. She was such a cheery spirit in those days. My job when she came to teach my sister the hula was to beat the pahu, the gourd. These were mostly ancient dances. We didn't do musical dances.

But then came ukulele lessons. There was a man named Eddie Kinilau who taught me how to play the ukulele. He was marvelous with the ukulele. He was a virtuoso. I remember during the war he was bereft because he couldn't get enough poi and my mother would stand in the poi allocation line to get Eddie Kinilau enough poi to keep him going. Poor man.

Lessons, lessons, lessons. Riding lessons. The Dillingham family, and I talked to Lowell about this on Tuesday night. I said, "Lowell, think quickly about the name Joaquin Pedro," and he threw his head back and laughed and said, "Joaquin Pedro. My, the memories that conjures." Pedro was the man who trained the polo horses for the Dillingham family. He was just a superb horseman. Polo was a game played by gentlemen, but if one of the polo players on the Oahu team got sick or was hurt or something, Pedro would fill in and he was probably better than any of them.

He used to give us classes in horsemanship and we would use eastern saddles because that's what you played polo in and he would teach us how to play polo. We would gallop up and down the polo field and hitting with mallets. Six or eight of us each of us on a polo horse. He would teach us how to stop and turn and how to neck rein and how to saddle and unsaddle a horse.

That was another lesson followed by my mother's own quarter horse named Tex that Mr. Paul Fagan had given to her. Paul Fagan was married to a woman Helene Irwin. The Irwin family were very affluent. It is the Irwins who owned that little park across the street. It's called Irwin Park. The Irwins made a great deal of money in the early part of the sugar industry. She married Paul Fagan who had been married before and he was the man who developed Hana.

In 1946 he brought his baseball team, the San Francisco Seals, to Hana to train. Mr. Fagan himself had been a horseman and he gave my mother this beautiful Texas quarter horse. But my mother never had time to ride him. He was a gelding and he was full of prunes and vinegar so I would be sent out on the street car to Waikiki to ride Tex. He often would buck me off. I can remember getting bucked off so frequently as a little boy from one or another horse. (laughs) But I would go out and saddle Tex up and ride him around Kapiolani until he had enough exercise for a couple of hours then get back on the trolley car and go home.

So water sports, fishing--all kinds of fishing, horseback, horseback, horseback (a lot of horseback), musical training, learning the songs of Hawaii.

My father grew up speaking Hawaiian. His mother required them to speak English at the dinner table because that was part of their roots, but the rest of the time they spoke Hawaiian. It was their normal inter-family language. It was simply what they talked. So he grew up speaking Hawaiian. I grew up speaking a little Hawaiian, not much, but singing Hawaiian. At one time I must have known 100 songs. Then we come to my own children's generation, also growing up here, and they don't even know any Hawaiian songs. A few words is all.

So just the change in two generations from speaking Hawaiian to really knowing very little about it. The decline was rapid. I suppose it had something to do with the isolation of Hawaii in my father's day and the closeness to the annexation and the monarchy and the fact that there were only 100,000 people who lived on Oahu. And they lived separate from each other. There were roughly an equal number of Hawaiians and Caucasians and Orientals and they were spotted around this Island. One hundred thousand people on this Island really weren't very many. Supposedly 50,000 people lived on Molokai at one time.

I think that pretty well describes how I grew up and what I did and how dramatically the war changed all that.

S: When you went East to school to St. Paul's and to Harvard, did you ever consider staying in the East or on the mainland?

W: No, and I don't think that was a conscious decision. It was always assumed that you'd come home. There were certainly some boys who did, but in my family culture this was home. The United States was still only recently in our heritage, less than fifty years, so it was always assumed that this was where our roots were, this was where our home was, and whatever you learned or were taught, you were taught with the idea that you'd bring that back here eventually and in my case go into the sugar industry. There was never any thought that I would do anything else particularly.

I remember saying to my father once. The airline business was just beginning. Pan American had just begun to fly its great clippers and I said to my father, "I'd sure like to get into the airline business." He said, "No, no. I don't think that's a good idea. The sugar business is where you belong." And yet when I went to Harvard, I didn't take agricultural courses. When I came back after the war, I came back and worked for Amfac and went immediately to the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association training program and part of that was to enroll us in the University of Hawaii and to take courses of agriculture in irrigation and drainage and soil physics and things of that sort.

S: What did you take at Harvard then?

W: English. I majored in English, (laughs) which was probably a good thing because when I went to St. Paul's I found that Punahou was certainly the best school that was available here (I'm sure of that) and yet it was behind the Eastern schools classically. We were well behind in things like Latin. A school like St. Paul's required a lot of Latin and although I began to take Latin as a young boy at Punahou, I had to drop back a year at St. Paul's because the level of teaching had been such that I was two years behind in Latin and a year behind in English.

They were already reading things like Shakespeare because that was a cultured part of the world. So I had to repeat a year and at that found it difficult at first to catch up. And this was true of some of my colleagues. It was a more advanced educational system. They taught languages other than French. Immediately we confronted German or Spanish or whatever. A lot of the kids when I went to St. Paul's took Greek as a standard subject instead of Latin.

But no, I never thought of living anywhere else or going anywhere else. It was always return to Hawaii when you could.

S: And what year did you graduate from Harvard?

W: No, along came the war after I'd been there for two years. Obviously one couldn't keep on going if there was a war on, so I came back to Honolulu. I did not have good vision so I could not quickly enlist, which I tried to do, so I went to work as a civilian for the Navy for a while and then got into the Navy as an officer communicator. I went back to Navy school and became an ensign.

My parents had a great and good friend named Chester William Nimitz, who was at our house almost every weekend--our house in the country; during the weekdays, in town. A dear and marvelous man he was. Admiral Nimitz arranged for me to go to communications school and he told me, "Now when you come out, get yourself shipped to the Pacific Fleet Officers' Pool and I'll get you onto a ship." Otherwise I would have been at some shore station somewhere.

I did quite well at communications school. The funny thing was that twice while I was there I got letters from Admiral Nimitz. The first time I was in some class learning how to communicate and the door flung open and there was the commanding officer of the school, a commander with three stripes and braid on his hat. "Is Ensign Walker in here?" I said, "Yes, sir," and I went out in the hall and closed the door. This man looked at me with a funny expression and said, "You're Henry Walker, Jr.?" I said, "Yes, sir." He handed me this letter and on the back it was Admiral Chester W. Nimitz, USN. He was not a fleet admiral then. He was only four stars. He said, "Can this be for you?" I said, "Yes, sir." "Do you know Admiral Nimitz?" I said, "Oh, yes sir." He looked at me with horror. He was a commander and Admiral Nimitz was one of the most revered figures in the Navy then.

Admiral Nimitz wrote a chatty letter. He had seen my parents the week before and heard that I was doing well in school. He checked up. "Now don't forget when they ask you what you want to do, tell them that you want to go to the Fleet Officers' Pool," which nobody would want to do in their right mind. I got a second letter from him just before I got out (again delivered by the commanding officer) and eventually I got on a train and went to San Francisco. I was told that I'd be there for six weeks awaiting transportation. In that period of time I would learn what a coconut looked like and how to swim.

I thought how lovely. Imagine six weeks in San Francisco--girls, and oh boy, a room at the Plaza Hotel. I had come across the country on a troop train sitting up. They had fed us twice a day. No shower, no nothing. They fed us at ten and at four. Sat up for five days. I went to the St. Francis Hotel with a fresh uniform and took a Turkish

bath and got myself all cleaned up. I reported to the Twelfth Naval District where they told me what I would be doing for the next six weeks--learning how to survive in the tropics, what fish looked like and so forth. I was just delighted. (laughs) This was going to be great fun.

I left the Twelfth Naval District and walked to the St. Francis Hotel where I was going to have a drink. I saw this spit and polish figure walking down the street crusted with gold braid and it was Admiral George McMorris who was commandant of the Fourteenth Naval District. I came to attention and saluted. He looked at me and said, "Henry Walker! What are you doing here?" I said, "Awaiting transportation to Pearl Harbor, sir." He said, "Be in this hotel at nine o'clock tonight and I'll take you out in my plane." So I wasn't even there for twelve hours. (laughter) "But, sir." "No buts."

S: That wasn't what you had in mind at all. Was this about 1942?

W: No, it was more like late 1943. Anyway, I flew back with him and my parents were there at the dock when his PB2Y2 flew in. Then a few days later (it was at Thanksgiving dinner, I remember) two of my friends arrived who were Marine pilots. They'd been friends at St. Paul's. I always stayed closer to my friends at St. Paul's than I had at Harvard. That's often true, I guess.

These two fine young men, Marine pilots, having dinner with us and at the dinner table were Admiral Nimitz, his Chief of Staff Raymond Spruance, later to become commandant of the Fifth Fleet and ambassador to the Philippines, Commodore Anderson who was the Fleet Surgeon, Major General Howard Davidson, who was commander of the Seventh Air Force in Burma. I mean brass, brass, brass and Ensign Walker and these two Marine second lieutenants, Jack Butler who is buried here at the Pacific Cemetery and Andrew Jones later to become an editor of the Reader's Digest.

They both were delightful boys but they had too much to drink and they were fresh pilots. Major General Howard Davidson, a dear family friend, was a hot pilot himself and had just been back to test fly the P-47 Thunderbolt and he was talking about its characteristics. My friend Jack Butler stood up and challenged Major General Howard Davidson to a dog fight over Pearl Harbor the next morning. He in his F-4U Corsair and General Davidson in his P-47 Thunderbolt. The admirals and brass thought it was funny, but my mother didn't. She could have killed me. I got this withering glare from her--where did you get these two boys from? She grew to be very fond of them, but it was a tense moment.

I left here a few days later and went on to the Caroline Islands and got on the battleship Missouri and spent the war on her. A series of curious incidents on the Missouri. One was I was the only person actually to witness the surrender. But before that on the morning that the surrender was signed, Admiral Nimitz came aboard the starboard side in a destroyer; General MacArthur came aboard the port side in a destroyer and Admiral Halsey was already on the ship. He had his flag on the Missouri. As soon as Admiral Nimitz got aboard he sent for me. He'd seen my parents and we were very close to him. I was told to meet him in the big wardroom of the Missouri.

The ship was at general quarters, of course. Everybody standing at their assigned station except me. I was told to be there to see by then Fleet Admiral Nimitz. I was standing in the corner of the wardroom, otherwise totally empty, and in the port side came MacArthur. Back from the flag quarters came William Halsey and in from the starboard side came Admiral Nimitz. I'll never forget this picture of MacArthur clasping Nimitz' hand and clasping Halsey's hand so that the three hands were on top of each other and in this rich, plummy voice that MacArthur had he said, "Chester, (his voice quavered) William, this is the day we've all been waiting for." Much emotion. Nimitz didn't say anything and Halsey didn't say anything. They really didn't like MacArthur very much.

Then they started to go forward together with Halsey, who of course had his flag on the Missouri, and into his quarters and on to the surrender deck when it became time. Admiral Nimitz turned around and saw me. He said, "Oh, Henry, I saw your parents a few weeks ago. As a matter of fact your father was in Guam. He came out for a visit. Everything is fine and I talked to somebody who's in Honolulu and all is well there. I just wanted to say that I'll be seeing you in a week. Your ship is going to sail and you'll be stopping in Guam and we'll have dinner at my house."

Suddenly he said, "Where the hell are your collar bars?" We didn't wear them at sea. We had been at sea at one point for 105 days without seeing land and we never wore insignia of rank. Everybody knew what everybody was. Admiral Nimitz said, "Go and get your damn collar bars." I said, "Yes, sir." So I went and got my collar bars, but then I had arranged it to have my watch so that I stood on the navigation bridge looking down on the ceremony. I'm the only one who did that. I had on a headset with microphone so I could stay in touch with the communications center. Everybody else was standing all around the ship; engine room, communications room, but I was the communications watch officer. I watched the ceremony down below me.

I watched the Japanese arrive in a little boat--the prime minister with one leg, the other one being wooden--in their silk hats and morning coats. The prime minister had a terrible time getting up the ladder and nobody was going to help him. He had a coterie of two or three people with him and they stumbled up that little ladder. Arranged in ranks three deep (we have pictures of this at home) were the generals and admirals of the United Nations; British, American, Russian, French, Australian, all of them.

In front of them was this green surrender table where the documents were to be signed. The end toward the stern was where the allies would sign then the Japanese would sign at the bow end. Signing for the United Nations first was MacArthur, then for the United States, Nimitz. Then each signed for his country. The Japanese signed first, of course, because they were the ones who were submitting. I watched all of this take place right below me.

Now the Missouri had three sixteen-inch gun turrets; two on its bow and one on the stern. One was right in front of the navigation bridge and on that had been built a rough wooden bleachers for photographers so that they could take pictures of this ceremony. But they couldn't see very well. Just before the Japanese signed, the Russian pool photographer stood up and spread his arms out. Most of them missed the Japanese signing and they were furious and nobody could understand why he'd done such a thing. He was only about five feet away from me. I looked right at him through the glass. Then they dragged him down and began to shoot, but by that time the Japanese man had signed.

Finally, everything happened and everybody signed and everybody went away, went back to their various places. I had to stay there because I was on watch for four hours. Curiously, outboard of the ship there was a platform where the movie cameramen stood and filmed this. After all the movie cameramen had packed up and gone one cameraman remained. He was the Russian. They looked around and the place was empty. Nobody was there except me standing up on the bridge, which they didn't know about.

A Russian general went to the table and began to pound the table and shake his fist and the cameraman took only one half of the table. I could see him with his camera cocked so he was presumably dictating surrender terms to the Japanese across the table. We, of course, knew very little about the Russians then, but I thought it was the strangest thing in the world to do. But they did it and they did it and they did it. There was also a colonel and he did it. All this thing was being filmed by the Russians. Finally, when they had enough of it, off they went. Weird, wasn't it?

S: Can you imagine how that ended up?

W: I certainly can, all over the Russian screens in Russia.

Anyway back we came and sure enough I had dinner with Admiral Nimitz at Guam. We went to Guam several times. Early on we went to Guam and the captain of the Missouri was a man named Callahan. A distinguished naval officer. Became an admiral. The executive officer of the Missouri was a man named Louis T. Malone, a commander, class of '26 of the Naval Academy. He didn't like me because clearly, I came aboard the ship by myself in the Caroline Islands. What was one officer doing joining a ship that had 120 officers already? Obviously I was coming under some divine protection, that of some big shot.

When we got to Guam the first time, a message was received by the ship by flashing light asking Captain Callahan and Ensign Walker to have dinner with Admiral Nimitz. (laughs) It infuriated the executive officer so I did have some trouble with him. He didn't care for me too much and showed it.

But it was an interesting period of my life. There's only one more little story. We got back here and then through the canal and then to Norfolk and then to New York, the Hudson River, for Navy Day, September 15, 1945. It was to be the final ceremony closing World War II and the Missouri being the Missouri was going to be host to President Truman, Mrs. Truman and their daughter Margaret.

The ship was in full dress, all flags and pennants flying. They had to get the Trumans aboard the Missouri so what they did was put sort of a raft alongside the Missouri where the Trumans' boat could land, could tie up, and President Truman, his wife and daughter could step on to the raft and go from the raft up the ladder alongside of the ship to the quarter deck where the captain would be waiting.

The captain, his name by that time was Captain Murray, detailed two of his young officers, both of us lieutenants--we looked alike, we were the same age, we were friends--to assist the Trumans from their boat on to the barge. Up on that ship were 2,500 officers and men watching us. The Trumans' boat came alongside the raft and President Truman skillfully hopped on the raft. He had no problem at all. My friend, Ted Harbert, always one with an eye for the ladies, quickly and skillfully guided Margaret Truman to the raft.

It was left for me to bring Mrs. Truman aboard. That proved more difficult. Mrs. Truman had one foot on her boat and one foot on the raft and they began to separate. Her skirt began to ride above her knee and I thought what am I going to do. I had her hand so I reached out and grabbed her

underneath her elbow and hung on for dear life and yanked her on to the raft. Just yanked her. My hand sunk into her elbow. The poor woman. She must have carried the bruise for months. But I got her on to that raft. The captain later said to me, "Walker, if the President's wife had fallen into the Hudson River, I would have had you shot."

S: And he would have.

W: No question. But I spent the day with Margaret Truman. We were assigned to escort her and her mother. They couldn't have been more delightful. The captain, of course, took the President and led him around the ship named for his state. Harbert and I escorted Margaret and her mother. They were charming. I sat next to Margaret at lunch. She couldn't have been nicer. She had a good sense of humor and she laughed about her mother almost falling into the Hudson River, but I didn't think that was funny. Nevertheless, it could very well have happened.

Another coincidence was that on the shore watching all this from the Battery was my future wife who just happened to be watching. I didn't know her then. She was watching the Missouri which was anchored just down off the Battery in New York City. So it was an interesting time.

But you were right, those were the years that represented the tremendous change from what it is today casually flying back and forth to the mainland. I must talk to San Francisco two or three times a day and New York once or twice. I've already talked to New York this morning and talked twice to San Francisco.

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 1

W: In earlier times at American Factors, if a telephone call was going to be made to San Francisco on Thursday at eleven.... In those days there was a two and a half hour time difference, a two and a half hour difference. Odd. It was all the way until recent years. The two-hour time change was just made for convenience. The exact time change is two hours and a half. We're in the Victor Williams zone split, but they made a jiggle finally to make it easier.

But a phone call will be made at eleven o'clock on Thursday so if you have anything that needs to be said to California or the mainland, please be sure to have your written memoranda in front of the president of the company an hour earlier. It was quite an event. So if you had something that needed to be said, you wrote it up succinctly and the president would make the call from his office. He'd look at these various notes and if there was anything

important he would include it in his conversation, which was quite an affair with static coming and going because it was by radio.

S: You're right. We do take so much for granted.

W: Of course we do. Satellites. A telephone conversation by radio was not an easy thing because it would fade or drift depending on the Kennelly Heaviside layer. It would fade and sometimes be lost completely. And it was tremendously expensive. So we take these things for granted.

S: Well, now that you've mentioned your wife you'll have to tell me how you met her. She observed this Truman episode long distance.

W: Yes. My roommate was a man named Alan Stoddard Perry. He was a Bostonian. Delightful man. Now retired and I keep in touch with. He had a very good friend with whom he'd gone to school in Boston. She had graduated from Skidmore College at Saratoga, New York. She had graduated and she had a roommate. So Alan asked his old friend Miriam Larry for a date and said that he had a friend from Hawaii and did she have a friend that might be interested in going out on a date. The answer was no. She wasn't going to pick a blind date especially with some Hawaiian. Who knew what Hawaiians were like? Finally she was persuaded to reconsider and we met and here we are. Life does take funny twists.

S: And where was her home originally?

W: In northern New York state. She came from a little town north of Utica and her family were in the lumber business. Her father was a lumberman in the woods of the northeast. She had gone to Emma Willard school in Troy, from there to Skidmore College, graduated and then had a job in a social work place, Save the Children Federation, in New York by the time we met.

S: Did you meet her shortly after this September, 1945 incident?

W: Yes, within a day or so. And we were married in March of 1946.

S: Had she ever been to Hawaii?

W: Oh, no. It was a hard place to get to and she was afraid of flying then. When we came, we came by train and ship which was a nice way to come. No, she'd never been here and knew nothing about it. She deserves a great deal of credit because she packed up and moved here without knowing anything about it and knowing that she would be here for the rest of her life (that's what she believed) and not knowing

how often she would ever see her parents and sister and brother again. But off she came and we set up housekeeping in a little house on Alewa Heights for sixty dollars a month.

S: Let me get this straight. You met her in September, 1945, and you were still in the Navy. How much longer were you in the Navy?

W: I stayed in the Navy for a while. I didn't have enough points to get out quickly and I didn't want to get out too quickly because I needed the money. I got myself enrolled in Columbia Graduate School of Business, but for the following fall. (September of 1946) So I thought there was no sense in hurrying out of here. I'm getting \$300 a month or whatever it was and the ship then was scheduled to sail to the Mediterranean after the war. I had been on that ship for so long I was comfortable with her. By that time many people had gotten off and I had elevated in rank to a higher job so when it sailed for the Mediterranean--Turkey, Italy, North Africa and so forth--I went with her.

S: And you hadn't been there so that was great.

W: There was no war. It was very, very social. We were out every night when we were ashore. It was great fun. Then when I came back, as soon as I could I got out. I went to work in a machine shop in Brooklyn for eighty cents an hour until school began. Then I began school.

There's just one other memory that I have of World War II which is interesting. I was a communications watch officer. Communications with a Fleet Admiral aboard, an Admiral commanding a fleet like Halsey, was tremendously important. By this time we had cracked the Japanese code and we had about a hundred officers who were in communications on a ship like that.

We were just jammed in. Around the clock. Twenty-four hours a day. We relieved each other. We were chopped into segments of three. Four on and eight off around the clocks. Two of us bossing each watch so there were six of us who were in charge of all these dozens of naval communications officers who were decrypting and encrypting messages. The six of us were the ones who decrypted the sensitive ones. They were called the ultra, the Japanese code ones. These were taken by one of us always to Admiral Halsey first or to his chief of staff.

I got so that I saw a lot of Halsey. I saw him morning, noon and night. I even knocked him down one day by accident. He called me Henry. He was a very nice man. He was a brilliant man in his own way and in his own time. Tremendously different from Admiral Spruance who was a very esoteric thinking man. Almost an aesthete. Halsey was "Give

'em hell, Bill Halsey," kind of a guy, but just the kind of a guy who was needed for that.

S: Well, the nickname Bull said it all.

W: Said it all. But we saw so much of him and he was always there and we were always giving him these messages. The six communications watch officers were as familiar to him as his own eye glasses almost. We were always at his elbow with something for him to sign, something that he had to look at.

On the night of August 15 after the second atomic bomb had fallen, (I think it was August 15) the Japanese sent a plain language message to the United States saying that they would surrender. They sent it in English uncoded. "We will accept unconditional surrender." This message, of course, electrified the Navy. I was off watch in my bunk, dressed. You rarely took your clothes off only if you were off watch in the afternoon. I was in my bunk, shoes off, hat off, but otherwise dressed, no necktie, of course.

Suddenly I was awakened by one of Admiral Halsey's Marine orderlies. They were in charge of a master sergeant. One of these orderlies, a corporal, was shaking me. "Mr. Walker, Mr. Walker." I said, "Yes?" He said, "Admiral's compliments. Will you report to Cabin 0316 on the double." I said, "Okay." I got my shoes and my hat on and stumbled up to this empty cabin up on the forward part of the ship.

There were already the other three communications watch officers who were not on duty. There were two, of course, on duty and four of us who were not. We walked into this room and Admiral Halsey's Marine master sergeant walked in. He closed the door. He had a paper bag and we knew nothing about the plain language message. He said, "Gentlemen, the Admiral's directed me to tell you that the Americans have just received a plain language message from the Japanese indicating unconditional surrender." We said, "Oh my God, isn't that wonderful!" We shook hands with each other.

He said, "The Admiral has something else for you." He handed us this paper bag for the four of us. In that paper bag was a quart of Old Grand Dad whiskey, a box of ice, four cigars and four cups. He said, "This is with the Admiral's compliments." Of course whiskey on a Navy ship was unheard of. He said, "There'll be an armed sentry outside the door until you're finished." So we sat in that cabin and drank all the Old Grand Dad whiskey, got ourselves mightily loaded, lit the four cigars, stumbled down into the wardroom of the ship, which by that time had everybody in it. Here came these four guys obviously inebriated. Everybody said, "Look out, look out, you'll get thrown in the brig." "Oh no, don't worry about that. We're legitimate."

That was a nice touch that the Admiral had. And in the bag he had a note. He said, "I and the country owe you and the people who work for you a tremendous debt. This is just my way of saying 'thank you.'" What a nifty little touch.

S: Can you imagine!

W: At that moment he plucked out from his little supply of bourbon one bottle and four cigars and some ice and sent his Marine master sergeant. Didn't trust it to any officer. (laughs) It was an interesting story. I've always thought of that as a cute little vignette of my naval career.

S: If you'd like to pick up with your going back to Columbia.

W: Well, that is pretty much a normal history and you're more interested in the before the war period, aren't you?

S: We're interested in the whole story. I'd be interested in what your wife's reactions to Hawaii were. Here you're bringing this mainland haole lady out to meet all these savages. (laughter)

W: We came by ship.

S: You were married back there then?

W: Yes, in her hometown. Her parents were teetotalling Episcopalians. Very fine people. They both are gone now, of course, but the wedding was held in little St. Mark's Church in Port Leyden, New York and my bachelor party was held at Admiral Nimitz' house, which is where the vice president now lives. Admiral Nimitz was by that time Chief of Naval Operations. He knew I was going to get married and said, "Let's have the bachelor party right here." So my father and Alan Stoddard Perry and his flag lieutenant Harold Lamarr and I and a couple of other people had a bachelor's party and it wasn't a wild affair, but it was very pleasant, a good dinner, very jovial. The Admiral was such a nice man.

The next morning we set forth in a car for Port Leyden, New York from Washington. My father had hired a limousine. We drove along and drove along and it was fine until about four or five in the afternoon when it began to snow. It was March after all. It began to snow and it began to snow. The last fifty miles took about two hours to do. It was just awful. When we finally got to Port Leyden, it was about nine o'clock at night. We hadn't had any dinner. My wife's parents thought we had been lost. Where would we be? The snow was virtually a blizzard.

My sister was with us, my younger sister, and she had on sandals. When she stepped out of the car when we finally got

there, she sunk up to her knees in snow. So we got married and it was very pleasant.

We went off on our honeymoon to a little place in Vermont for a few days. This was just before I left to go to the Mediterranean. So we had four or five days of honeymoon and we had a little apartment in New York, that Nancy had, and we paid sixty dollars a month for it. We stayed there when I went back to Columbia. It was comfortable although they didn't turn the heat on until five in the afternoon. But it was fine for us.

Finally came back here. My father didn't think that I should work for Amfac. He thought I should work for a sugar company, but he thought that it would be unseemly if I were to work for him. So I wrote to his assistant and his assistant gave me a job without my father knowing it. But my father didn't seem too upset when it was finally revealed.

So I came to work here at \$225 a month working as a day laborer on a truck putting stuff on pallets in the dock, loading hundred pound bags of rice and that kind of thing and I'll tell you I got into some kind of shape doing that. (laughs) Twenty-six years old I was and if you spend eight hours a day hefting hundred pound bags of rice with another man, you really get yourself fit. I did that for a while. I went out and stacked two by fours in our lumber yard for a while and that was even tougher because that was really hot sun. By the time I'd done that for four or five or six months I was probably as fit as I've ever been in my life. I rowed when I was at Harvard, but I wasn't as fit as I was doing this. (laughs)

S: Nothing like manual labor.

W: No, nothing. Then I went off to the HSPA and just so I would know what Liberty House was like I sold neckties and housewares there for a month or so and sold hardware from our old hardware department. Then came the serious stuff, to the Hawaiian Sugar Planters Association for my training. That included stints in all the different plantations and finally full-time in the sugar business as an employee. I did that for seventeen years winding up in 1959 in charge of them all, five of them. At thirty-seven I was made a vice-president, which was considered very young. They gave me the title, but very little money. (laughs) Fifteen thousand dollars a year.

But they were happy days. I enjoyed the sugar business. It was a peaceful time in my life. Somehow growing things is a satisfying thing to do. It was not frenetic. I'd fly off to Lihue for three days or something like that. Up early in the morning and working late. Out in the fields all day long

looking at cane varieties and worrying about fertilizer schedules and equipment.

S: And at that point it wasn't an uphill battle. You knew the profits were going to be there.

W: They were going to be there and the sugar price was under the Sugar Act. The only troublesome aspect was, of course, there was now a union and we were afraid of the union in a sense because the union in those days was political.

A couple of years ago I was asked (the first time anybody has been asked from industry) to address the biennial convention of the ILWU. I did that. I was escorted to the platform by two burly people (to and fro, I suppose) and I told them that I understood where the wrongs had been on our side. I said I knew perfectly well that in my days as a young man fifty Caucasian men in white linen suits ran the state, ran the Territory. They had lunch together at the Pacific Club, they played golf together at the Oahu Country Club, they cooperated with each other, they sat on each other's boards. When my father was made president of American Factors, the president of Castle & Cooke and the president of Brewer did it.

So cross-controls, interlocks, were the way things were and although the sugar industry was not brutal in the sense that work was in the South before the Civil War, the managers of the plantations were callous. It was a hard life. The manager reigned utterly supreme in his own community. That was what I saw a lot of as I worked as a kid.

I could remember the manager of Waianae Plantation Company, a German named Mr. Robert Fricke. He just ruled Waianae. I can remember a Japanese peddler with his little Model-T Ford. He had fresh vegetables, tofu, and pickles and things that Japanese people ate. He would drive into town and sell his wares and drive off. Mr. Fricke wouldn't permit that. He would kick him out. He was competing with the company store. It was harsh, not deliberately cruel. I don't recall any cruelty, but I recall a great harshness.

S: Totally lacking compassion.

W: Yes, on the whole. There were managers, of course, who were compassionate but the rule was utter. They voted Republican and they made sure that they did. In the voting booths the string was always suspended from the ceiling and it was suspended over the Republican booth. You picked a booth. If you went into the next booth and pulled the string to the side, the observer would see it and they would know that you'd voted Democratic and you would be harshly criticized for that. Those things were true. I saw that kind of thing. So I said that to the union.

I saw these excesses. It was a bad thing. But I said on the other side of the ledger there was MacElrath talking every night from a quarter of seven to seven. He was baiting us, he was supporting the cause of what was then to become the People's Republic of China, he was supporting Russia in anything they did, he was blatantly communistic in his appeal.

I said things have now changed. There are no fifty men in white linen suits running the state, calling the shots. The different families controlled different segments. I remember the Cookes controlled the Electric Company and the Bank of Hawaii, the Damons controlled what is now the First Hawaiian Bank, I guess another family, the Athertons, controlled the Telephone Company and also Castle & Cooke. The Cookes also controlled Brewer. These were pockets.

Brewer controlled all the commerce in the city of Hilo as well as the hauling, the stevedoring. The Baldwins, of Alexander & Baldwin, did the same on Maui. American Factors was permitted to do that on the much smaller island commerce wise of Kauai. And, of course, Castle & Cooke did it in Honolulu. These were the way things were divided up. That was the way it was. The idea was cooperation, not competition.

It was a harsh life and you didn't get anywhere unless these wise old men said it was all right. The dividend policy at American Factors was not controlled by Amfac but by its board of directors made up entirely of people with other business interests. So Amfac was always kept as a little bit of a stepchild and one without much money in its pocket. It was all paid out in dividends to other people and this used to hurt my father. He used to worry about the fact that they weren't allowed to keep more of their money to invest in other things. That, of course, really ended at the time of World War II and once that was over my father retired in 1950. He retired two years after I came to Amfac so he and I never really overlapped. I was still laboring out in the vineyard when he was finishing his career. By that time these interlocks were disappearing.

I told that to the union. I said, "We've changed a lot. Fifty men are gone. Your ideological splurges are pretty well gone. You're concerned about your membership. We're both concerned about a shrinking sugar industry. Your concerns are economic, not ideological. These are a lot of changes." I spelled out some of these things.

Later on I talked to one of the senior people (Tommie Trask I think it was) and he said, "You know, that wasn't a bad speech you gave. A lot of these younger members don't

know what we went through." Harry Bridges had, of course, been a man looming large in the labor movement of Hawaii. He wrote me after that speech because I credited him, in spite of his ideological feeling. If Harry Bridges had blocked mechanization of the docks in either California or Hawaii, he could have ruined us the way they did in Australia, but he did not block containerization of cargo.

I said that in that speech. I said that he extracted his full pound of flesh for it and he set up mechanization funds, which are still being paid into, but he did not block it. He never opposed it. He said, "If you're going to be efficient, you'll have to pay us for that but be efficient." They took the same attitude in the sugar industry. They said, "Be efficient." I can remember Jack Hall saying that to me. "You'd better be efficient. If you're not efficient, you're going to go out of business and we aren't going to help you. But if you want to get machines and save labor, that's okay with us." That was wise of them and I said all of this to the union in that speech.

Harry Bridges wrote me, "You're damn well right that we didn't do it for the employer. We did it because we knew that if we didn't help the employer in that way, he'd go under. But I'm glad that you took note of that." Tommie Trask said the same thing but he took a different note. He said, "Lucky you covered some of those things because if you looked out over the hall that day, (there were some 600 union people) and a lot of them were young, in their twenties, thirties and forties, and they had never had this experience. They didn't know what it was like before the war here."

They didn't even know what it was like in the early days of unionization, the terrible strike of 1946, another one in 1949, another one in 1958. Those were crippling. I said to the union that day, "We had a strike in '58 that almost wiped out the industry. We can't have any more like that. If we have any more like that, the industry will go under. There are employers who would use that as an excuse to shut down." I said, "The strike as a weapon in collective bargaining is gone from the sugar industry." Tommie Trask said publicly, "Well, Walker can say that but we're not going to say that." Later he said to me privately, "You're right. We can't afford a strike. We have few enough jobs and sick enough plantations now without making it worse."

S: Well, it's true for not only the sugar industry. Other industries have realized the same thing.

W: But in their case there is no way they have of passing on any of their costs. But the years that I was in the sugar industry, which was 1948 to 1963, were happy years.

From then I suddenly was given a new job at Amfac. We had a wholesale operation. There were twenty-one departments that Amfac had which sold candy, tobacco, chemicals, dry goods, groceries--all these different things--appliances, machinery, electrical parts. You name it, we had it. And it was losing its shirt. The new president of Amfac, Harold Eichelberger, said to me, "I'm going to give you the job of straightening that mess out." So for two years I struggled with that. I fired people, I closed departments, it was awful, but we got it to the point where it became profitable.

Then suddenly in 1966 I was made executive vice-president, still running this thing, but executive vice-president of Amfac, the number two man under Eichelberger. In 1967 the directors decided that the sugar industry didn't look all that secure and maybe they should expand. Maybe the company should look for bigger markets which meant the mainland. And should look at different things to do which meant more than sugar. Mr. Eichelberger was moved up to Board Chairman and I was given the job of President and Chief Executive Officer and was told to come up with a plan in thirty days. I wasn't even a director. I was Chief Executive Officer but not a director. Odd thing.

So I became CEO and came up with a plan which I look at every once in a while and it's not too different from what we actually did. We bought a hotel company, Fred Harvey, and we bought Lyle Guslander's hotel company and moved distribution and operations to the mainland in 1972; bought a potato company that supplies Wendy's, McDonald's and Burger King and we did fine. We made money until I left and suddenly the man who succeeded me had some problems and the company began to lose money and has been losing money since then. I think that will stop. Some mistakes were made, but those are being corrected. I had a very interesting time of it from '67 when I became CEO to the end of '82 when I stepped down.

S: But when it all started with sugar, you never would have thought of potatoes, would you?

W: Indeed not, or mushrooms. We're the biggest producer of mushrooms in the United States. Isn't that odd? No, we certainly wouldn't have. But I've had an interesting career. I remember I was called in and told by the directors at a secret meeting in one of the law offices in town that a board meeting would be held the next day and I would be made Chief Executive Officer. I had known that something was coming but I hadn't realized that it would be quite that precipitous.

I thought well, I have to tell my parents. I stopped on the way home. We lived in Kaneohe in those days. I told my father and I thought he'd have a heart attack. "They're

going to let you run the company! My God, they must be out of their minds. What do you know about running a company like that?" He was horrified, thunderstruck. My mother thought it was great, but my father was horrified. Well, it all happened and it went through and it was given due notice in the paper.

About three days later my father came in to see me in my office. I wondered what he was going to say. He said, "I guess you're going to run the company." I said, "Yes, I guess I am." He said, "Well, I've been thinking about it and I want you to take some advice. I want you to never borrow for this company more than you can quickly pay back. I want you to keep the debt load down. I don't want you to stick your neck in a whole bunch of things that you don't know anything about." He went on for about ten minutes and with that he stood up and walked out.

But he had delivered his advice that he had been thinking about for those three days and had his say and that was it. Then for the first time in his life he bought some Amfac stock. He never had any. He had a conviction that a manager should not be a stockholder because he felt that a manager should be a professional. He was, I think, the first non-owner manager in the Big Five. All of the others had come to their positions through family connections, one sort or another. All able. Richard Cooke had been head of Brewer when my father came along. Mr. Waterhouse was head of A & B. He, of course, was one of the Alexander and Baldwin family. Mr. Tenney was head of Castle & Cooke. He was there by inheritance.

They were the ones who hired my father simply as a professional. He didn't have any money except what he made as a salary and he had no connections. So he never had any stock and he believed that he could manage better without owning stock because he felt that stock brought with it conflicts of interest, that a man who had a lot of stock might say, "Let's increase the dividend because it will fatten my own pocket," whereas it might not be a good thing for the company to do. He had ample opportunity to observe that because the company was paying out far too much money in dividends and was doing so over my father's objections.

By the time I came to the company even and took over as chief executive officer our credit situation was very difficult. We were being hounded by the banks. That was one of the problems I inherited. Just to accumulate some cash. Anyway he had his little say, gave me some advice and kept in touch with Amfac from that point forward, bought 1,000 shares of stock and followed the progress of the company closely. Then two years later he died.

S: I think the fact that he went out and bought the stock was his way of expressing his confidence in you even though he seemed dubious at first.

W: I think that's probably true. I remember when we broke ground for this building we had a little ceremony, a ground breaking, little shovels, and Abraham Akaka and all that kind of thing. I made a little speech at that ground breaking about there being a time to build and times to build come along every century or so. The old building had been built in 1902 and this was almost seventy years later and it was time to rebuild again.

There was quite a group of people (perhaps fifty or a hundred) and I noticed my father standing over to the right listening very intently to what I had to say. He looked at me (and I've said this to Nancy) and it was a different way than he ever had. He was a man who, as I said, was very disciplined and he was disciplined with me. He didn't show affection. He was very Scottish in that way. But he looked at me with sort of a dawning understanding of this kid that he always thought was a kid. Suddenly he's saying some things that make sense. It was a touching moment and I went and put my arm around him. A nice man. Not open-handed. We certainly had to struggle for the first few years of our marriage.

S: I did want to ask you what Nancy's first impression of Hawaii was and about those early years.

W: I think she loved it from the moment she got here. We were on very thin ground. We had \$225 a month as our salary. She became pregnant shortly after we got here. By the time our child was born we were getting \$250 a month which wasn't much and we were given no family help. That was something my father said. "Once you're on your own after the Navy, you don't get any family help." The thing they would do was if we came to the house for dinner, they would pay for the baby sitter. Otherwise, everything else that we did we did on our own.

We had a happy time but we certainly had to watch the money we spent. The harshest time we had was I had a GI life insurance policy, as all military people did, worth \$10,000. We were allowed to continue that in civilian life. The bill for it came and it was \$54. I didn't have \$54 to pay the bill and there was no way I could get it so I had to let the policy lapse. I was stricken at the thought of letting that policy lapse because here I was not protecting my wife and my about-to-be born son. That was scary. I never even thought of asking my father for a loan.

As soon as I could, of course, I got some insurance of my own, but not having \$54 is Well, people look at Henry Walker and think he's always had money. (laughs) That

certainly isn't true. My parents weren't wealthy. They had no family money. They simply had what my father earned. He worked hard at his job and did not really ever feather his nest. What he did do was to buy a couple of pieces of very valuable property. My mother lives in one of them. But they were not wealthy people and we were not a wealthy family, but my father had a good salary, enough so that I was sent off to St. Paul's School, and the comforts of home. We had servants, but we certainly weren't rich the way that some of the other people who made up the community were. We were in no way deprived, as a child, anything but.

Because my father became president of Amfac in 1933 we did very well in those days. But when Nancy and I came along, he felt that a little struggling was not a bad thing and I think that's not a bad idea. We've been more generous with our children because I think perhaps they went a little too far, but it certainly didn't hurt us and I didn't expect them to so we made do. Fifty cents for the Liliha Theater was a big deal for us.

But my parents kept having these parties and we were included in them. We went to them and also to Laie. We saw so many famous people that they knew. Harry and Clare Luce were frequent friends of theirs. John Foster Dulles (when he was Secretary of State) whenever he would return from the Far East would spend his time at our country house compiling his report to the president. So we saw a lot of Secretary Dulles. A lot of the senior military people who came and went we saw. So it was an interesting.... All my life I had that.

I can remember watching one of the early Pan American flights to the mainland. I can remember Mary Pickford and Buddy Rogers had come down here for their honeymoon. This was after she got divorced from Douglas Fairbanks. My parents knew them and we went down to watch them take off on the clipper. We went along in the boat until the clipper took off and went back to California. They knew a man named Buck Jones who was a cowboy star of the day.

Edgar Bergen, when my sister Ann was taking hula lessons with Iolani Luahine, stayed with us. He had Charlie McCarthy with him. He was putting on a show at the Princess Theater. And Iolani became smitten with him. He was good looking. And he was such a cheerful, happy man. And she just was smitten with him. Together they devised a dance that was half tap dance, which he could do, and half hula. It was the cutest thing you ever saw. She just was hopelessly in love with Edgar Bergen so much so that.... He was here for a short time and then went back and she married a sailor. They were only married very briefly. It was an unhappy experience for her.

She brought him to my mother's back lanai and I was there one morning. It was so obvious that they were not suited to each other. It was a sad thing. My mother was very upset. But all her life we kept in touch with Iolani when she moved to Hawaii. When we built the King Kamehameha Hotel in Kailua, she did the ground breaking and one of the last public dances she did was when we opened the hotel. This was in 1976. She did the chants on the beach. It was a stormy night, it was a southerly storm, and I'll never forget Iolani whirling and whirling on that little beach in front of the hotel in the midst of the storm her veils blowing. It was an eerie experience watching her do that. She was already ill by that time, but it was eerie.

She was an unusual woman. There was a mystic quality to her. When she was younger, it was less obvious because she was such a cheerful person and she was fun and she was good looking. She had this marvelous figure. She was so graceful and supple.

S: And those eyes.

W: Wonderful big eyes and she was kolohe as the Hawaiians say. Then as she grew older and we visited her, she lived in that little cottage off the summer palace in Kailua, she was a vivid memory.

S: We've talked a lot about the sugar industry and we all know--you know better than I--the various stages of development in Hawaii. Now we seem to be thinking in terms of tourism and the military. Some people are looking beyond that.

W: Yes, they are. When you came in I was dictating a speech that I'm going to give in February to the quarterly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce and it's entitled Hawaii: 2000. We have been looking at what this company and this state will be like in the year 2000 and the years ahead. Where will people live? What will they do? How will they get from where they live to where they work? What will the work be? What sort of jobs? What sort of industries? What will the visitor industry be like? With a million people on this Island, and that's what they're forecasting, what will that be like? They obviously can't be accommodated in the physically restricted little town of Honolulu so where do they go?

What will be grown? How will we get from here to the mainland and back? How will we get between the Islands? How will we get from Hawaii Kai to downtown Honolulu in pragmatic terms? Or from the "New Town" as they call this village on West Oahu to downtown Honolulu? All of these things are in planning stages for us. What will visitors do when they come? We can't do as we did in the fifties and sixties and

simply build hotels and get them filled. We have to entertain them. They have to find something here that they can't find simply by going to a different place. Beaches and palm trees and coconuts alone are not enough.

A lot of planning has to be gone into as to what sort of a place this is going to be. There are 300,000 acres in agriculture now (sugar and pineapple mostly) and what is going to replace those? Will coffee and cocoa take them all? Of course, they won't. Other things will have to. We have a little committee that we call the Year 2000 Committee that I chair at Amfac and we meet once a month and each person has a little assignment looking into his own crystal ball and coming back to us and giving his own ideas and getting them critiqued by the other members. We've had two meetings of this committee and we'll continue to meet about once a month trying to discern what the future holds.

Already there are some things that I think are clear. The population expansion won't take place here. There are two areas where it can take place, the so-called Kapiolani Corridor is not densely settled and will be and that will probably be a residential area. Kakaako, of course, and finally, Iwilei, where the cannery is. Mr. Murdock is right, this is no place for light industry and that should go away. But eventually there will be towns in Ewa and probably Mililani. There probably will be a town on the Windward side much bigger than it presently is.

We have to think in terms of probably not too far from now supersonic transport between here and the mainland. I've taken the Concorde four times back and forth across the Atlantic and it's such a convenient way to fly. And now that Boeing is working on an SST it will happen. It's got to happen. I mean, it will make travel a lot quicker and easier for those for whom time is precious. Concorde did not make money for a long time, but it is making money now for both Air France and for BAC. It's coming here next month. It will be an interesting thing to see for the people who haven't seen it. A little tiny airplane no bigger than that Hawaiian Airlines jet (gestures to a makai window).

Communications of job formation, all these things have to be put together and thought out. I've done quite a lot of that in my own estimation as to what these things will be like. I think that we will have visitor attractions here which there is nothing similar. We will have our Hawaiian Sea Village on Maui, which has long been in the gestation. We will have something similar on Oahu and maybe elsewhere. The whole fabric of life will be different. Once Kakaako is developed I think that many people will walk to work. The city will be lighted.

There'll be different kinds of transport. Obviously, the only way that people will have to get from Hawaii Kai, which is one of the few areas left that can be settled, to Honolulu is by water. They have to come by water. The highways are impassable and impossible. Both. At Maunalua Bay, which is that great big park at the edge of Hawaii Kai, is a perfectly decent park and a decent dredged seaway. Those seaflights that we had here for a brief time would be a logical way to come right straight to Pier 8 here. It would be a fifteen minute trip. They could accommodate...

END OF TAPE 1/SIDE 2

Mrs. Una Craig Walker died on May 6, 1987, at the age of ninety-nine at her Pali Highway home, Honolulu, Hawaii.

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THE WATUMULL FOUNDATION ORAL HISTORY PROJECT

The Watumull Foundation Oral History Project began in June of 1971. During the following seventeen months eighty-eight people were taped. These tapes were transcribed but had not been put in final form when the project was suspended at the end of 1972.

In 1979 the project was reactivated and the long process of proofing, final typing and binding began. On the fortieth anniversary of the Watumull Foundation in 1982 the completed histories were delivered to the three repositories.

As the value of these interviews was realized, it was decided to add to the collection. In November of 1985 Alice Sinesky was engaged to interview and edit thirty-three histories that have been recorded to mark the forty-fifth anniversary of the Foundation.

The subjects for the interviews are chosen from all walks of life and are people who are part of and have contributed to the history of Hawaii.

The final transcripts, on acid-free Permalife bond paper and individually Velo-bound, are deposited and are available to scholars and historians at the Hawaii State Archives, the Hamilton Library at the University of Hawaii and the Cooke Library at Punahou School. The tapes are sealed and are not available.

August 1987